So heau'ns croſſe them with a thriftleſſe courſe,
Is all the bloud y ſpilt on either part,
Cloſing the cranies of the thirſty earth,
Growne to a loue-game and a Bridall feaſt?
And muſt thy birthright bid the wedding banes?
Poore helpleſſe boy, hopeleſſe and helpleſſe too,
To whom misfortune ſeemes no yoake at all.
Thy ſtay, thy ſtate, thy imminent miſhaps
Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
Why looкſt thou pale, the colour flies thy face:
I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
And make it muddie with my doles diſcourſe,
Goe in with me, replie not louely boy,
We muſt obſcure this moane with melodie,
Leaſt worſer wrack enſue our male-content. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of England, the King of France, *Arthur*, *Baſtard*, *Lewis*, *Lymoges*, *Conſtance*, *Blanch*, *Chattilion*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, and *Elinor*.

Iohn. This is the day, the long-deſired day,
Wherein the Realmes of England and of France
Stand highly bleſſed in a laſting peace.
Thrice happy is the Bridegroome and the Bride,
From whoſe ſweet Bridall ſuch a concord ſprings,
To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

Conſt. Vngodly peace made by anothers warre.

Phil. Vnhappy peace, that ties thee from reuenge,
Rouze thee *Plantaginet*, liue not to ſee
The butcher of the great *Plantaginet*.
Kings, Princes and yee Peeres of either Realmes,
Pardon my raſhneſſe, and forgiue the zeale
That carries me in fury to a deede
Of high deſert, of honour and of armes.
A boone (O Kings) a boone doth *Philip* begge
Proſtrate vpon his knee; which knee ſhall cleaue
Vnto the ſuperficies of the earth,
Till France and England grant this glorious boone.

Iohn.

Iohn. Speake *Philip*, England gra
Phil. And France confirmes wh
Baſt. Then Duke ſit faſt, I leuell
Too baſe a ranſome for my fathers
Princes, I craue the combate with t
That braues it in diſhonour of my
Your words are paſt, nor can you n
The Princely promiſe that reuiues
Whereat me thinkes I ſee his finew
This is the boone (dread Lords) wh
Or life or death are pleaſant to my
Since I ſhall liue and dye in *Richard*

Lym. Baſe baſtard, misbegotte
To interrupt theſe holy nuptiall rite
With brawles and tumults to a Duk
Let it ſuffice, I ſcorne to ioyne in fig
With one ſo farre vnequall to my ſe

Baſt. A fine excuſe, Kings if you
Then keepe your words, and let vs

Iohn. Philip wee cannot force the
Being a ſubiect vnto neither Realm
But tell me *Auſtria*, if an Engliſh Du
Should dare thee thus, wouldſt thou

Lym. Elſe let the world account
The greateſt coward liuing on the e

Iohn. Then cheere thee *Philip*, I
Kneele downe, in ſight of *Philip* Kin
And all theſe Princely Lords aſſemb
I gird thee with the ſword of Norm
And of that Land I doe inueſt thee
So ſhalt thou be in liuing and in lan
Nothing inferior vnto Auſtria.

Lym. K. *Iohn*, I tell thee flatly t
Thou wrongſt mine honour: and th
How much I ſcorne thy new made
I flatly ſay, I will not be compeld:
And ſo farewell ſir Duke of low de

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)